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THE OLD OAK  
*By Jules Dupré*

# RHODE ISLAND ARBOR DAY

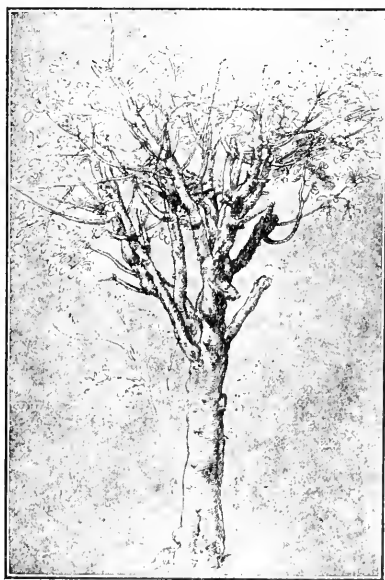
MAY 11, 1928  
TREES IN ART



THIRTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL PROGRAM  
FOR THE  
OBSERVANCE OF ARBOR DAY  
IN THE  
SCHOOLS OF RHODE ISLAND

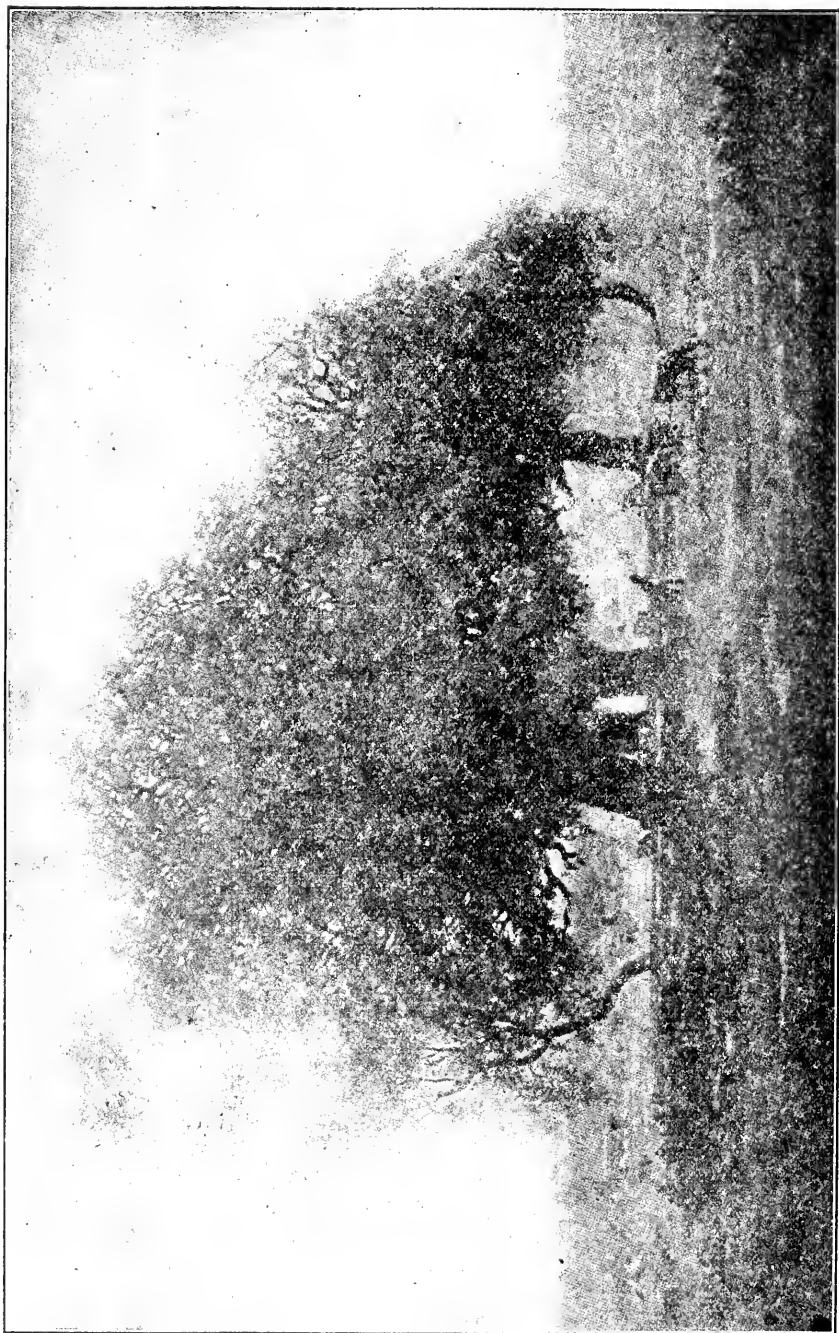
MAY 11, 1928

(Edition of 88,000)



Artist's Sketch of Tree  
*Leonardo da Vinci*

THE COMMISSIONER OF EDUCATION  
STATE OF RHODE ISLAND



THE OAKS  
From the Painting by Rousseau in the Museum of the Louvre, Paris

# State of Rhode Island

## Public Education Service

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### COMMISSIONER'S ARBOR DAY MESSAGE

*To the Teachers and Students of Rhode Island Schools:*

I hope that Arbor Day comes to you like a new day, with its dawn of new promise, or like a new spring, making new the world around you. The greening of the trees in spring-time may be seen with a newness of spirit in human hearts.

Arbor Day began in the school many years ago with the planting of a tree and fitting ceremony. But a knowledge of the uses of trees and the appeal of their beauty has given the day a wider meaning and purpose. They have brought about a varied observance of the day and given the school an enduring influence on youth passing to manhood and womanhood, as shown in the quickened public interest in forestation and the growing zeal for preserving natural scenery and restoring the beauty of many a landscape. The school tree has led us to the woodlands. With the planting of forests throughout the country, the school to-day has its tree gardens and school forests. The planting of trees and shrubbery on school grounds, wherever needed, will be repeated on lawn, park and roadside.

With its practical and valuable lessons, Arbor Day should give recognition to trees as a public interest and take thought of what they stand for in the general welfare of our country. Like all school days, Arbor Day looks to the future for a realization of its aims and faith.

Past Arbor Day programs have shown how intimately trees have been connected with the activities of men. Literature is filled with thoughts of trees. This number of the program offers, in addition to many new selections, a story of trees in art as its special feature.

Arbor Day speaks of the benefits of trees. It ever calls for a care and protection of trees. It speaks another language. The Arbor Day tree of the schools leads us far afield in nature's realm. The "tongues in trees" seem to remind us that all learning is not of the schools and to bid us:

"Come forth into the light of things,  
Let Nature be your teacher."

If many of you may not this Arbor Day visit a forest, mingle with the "Brotherhood of Venerable Trees" and listen to the instruction of friendly trees, you may think the thoughts, speak the words and sing the songs of Arbor Day, open your classrooms to the sunlight and beauty of the world without and repeat the stories some trees have told, for every tree is nature's preacher.



*Commissioner of Education.*

Nature paints the best part of the picture, carves the best part of the statue, builds the best part of the house, and speaks the best part of the oration.—Emerson.

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Grateful acknowledgment is made to Miss Miriam A. Banks, Mrs. Alice Hall Walter, Mr. Raymond W. Perry, children of the Henry Barnard School, Providence Public Library, Rhode Island School of Design, and others who have contributed to or assisted in preparing this Arbor Day program.



Deer, Tree?

#### MARCH BLUSTER

In a hurly-burly,  
With a heart of woe,  
Lowering and surly,  
March tramps to and fro,  
And he heaps his howling  
On the trembling hills,  
That he may not hearken  
To the daffodils.

Naked trees are swaying  
In his windy breath,  
As his feet go straying  
Down the ways of death,  
And the earth is knowing  
That he wails along  
To keep him from hearing  
April and her song.

—Edgar Daniel Kramer.

#### APRIL SONG

Now willows have their pussies,  
Now ferns in meadow lands  
Hold little downy leaflets,  
Like clinging baby hands.  
Like rosy baby fingers  
Show oak leaves 'gainst the blue;  
The little ones of nature  
Are ev'rywhere in view.

There's purring in a sunbeam  
Where Tabby's babies play.  
The hen is softly brooding,  
Her chickens came today.  
Up in the crimson maple  
The mother robin sings;  
The world is full of caring  
For little helpless things.

—Mary E. Wilkins.

#### GOOD MANNERS OF THE TREE

"One of the best favors of the Spring," said the man, "is, that it admits us once more into the society of trees, and where shall we find a society in which we shall be spoken to with such tranquility, such wisdom, and withal, such gayety as here, and which does not wear us out, but renews us? It is rare to find perfect conduct in any living thing, but I have literally grown up with a certain maple tree, and I declare I do not believe its manners could be improved upon.

"It is just opposite the south window of my bedroom. In Spring, it stands greening, and fairly quivering with delight, as if it and I were saplings instead of thirty-five years old. In Summer, its lush foliage keeps just enough light from my room, still letting in the breeze, and at bed-time it whispers a lullaby. In the Fall, its leaves are one of the glories of that glorious season and a little later, we have a gay night, around a bonfire, and so, in the winter when I like more sunshine in my room, it lets me have it.

"The tree's quiet and gracious prospects are at once a joy and a philosophical discourse to me. I like to take its amenities and virtues to heart; that it makes the most of its circumstances; that its foot is in the soil and its branches never weary of reaching up; that it is never too old to grow, and that all it does is done so pleasantly."—Elizabeth R. Timberlake.



## ARBOR DAY SCRIPTURE LESSON

### (Creation)

In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth.

And the earth was without form, and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep. And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters.

And God said, Let there be light: and there was light.

And God said, Let there be a firmament in the midst of the waters, and let it divide the waters from the waters.

And God called the firmament Heaven.

And God said, Let the waters under the heaven be gathered together unto one place, and let the dry land appear.

And God called the dry land Earth; and the gathering together of the waters called He the Seas.

And God said, Let the earth bring forth grass, the herb yielding seed, and the fruit tree yielding fruit after his kind, whose seed is in itself, upon the earth.

And God said, Let there be lights in the firmament of the heaven to divide the day from the night; and let them be for signs, and for seasons, and for days, and years.

And God said, Let the waters bring forth abundantly the moving creature that hath life, and fowl that may fly above the earth in the open firmament of heaven.

And God said, Let the earth bring forth the living creature after his kind, cattle, and creeping thing, and beast of the earth after his kind.

And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness: and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth.

And God said, Behold, I have given you every herb bearing seed, which is upon the face of all the earth, and every tree, in the which is the fruit of a tree yielding seed; to you it shall be for meat.—*From first chapter of Genesis.*

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### PRESERVE YOUR FORESTS

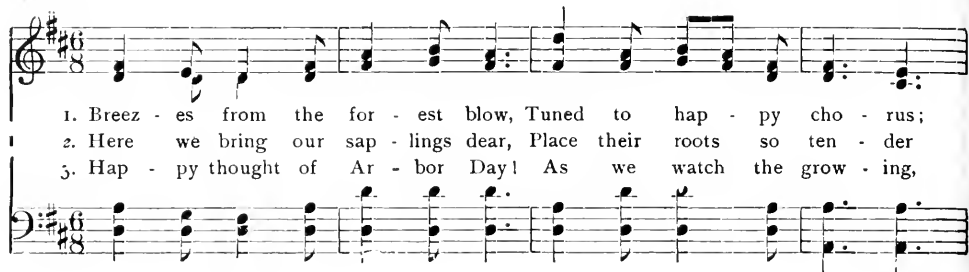
Preserve your forests, in them lies your wealth;  
They are better than gold, for riches untold  
Cannot buy what they'll give you in comfort and health;  
Their thirsty roots will drink in the rain  
That might cause your rivers to overflow,  
And they'll store it up till the leaves breathe it forth,  
To temper the heat of the summer glow.

When down from the North the wind rides forth,  
Your friends, the trees, will break its power;  
In their branches, in spring, the birds will sing,  
They will shelter each delicate wind-blown flower.  
Now the secret is this,—bear it well in mind,  
No matter how urgent may be your case,—  
“Never lay your axe to the root of a tree  
Till you’ve planted another to take its place.”—*Lillie Southgate.*

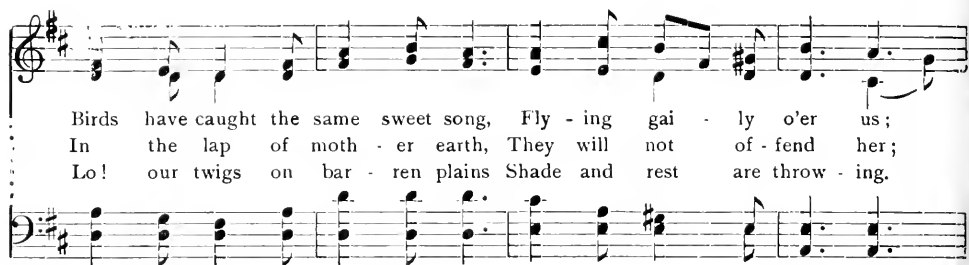
# THE DAY OF PLANTING

Mrs. ADALINE H. BEERY

C. K. LANGLEY

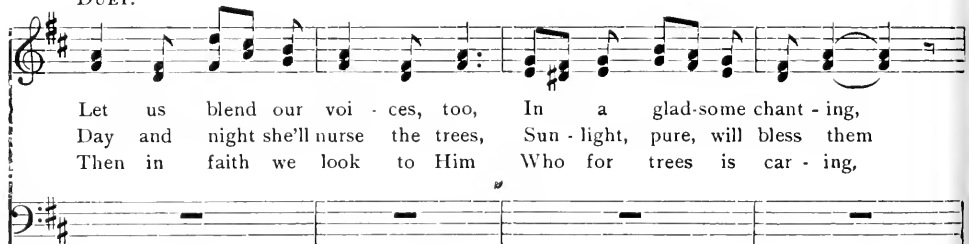


1. Breez - es from the for - est blow, Tuned to hap - py cho - rus;  
 2. Here we bring our sap - lings dear, Place their roots so ten - der  
 3. Hap - py thought of Ar - bor Day! As we watch the grow - ing,

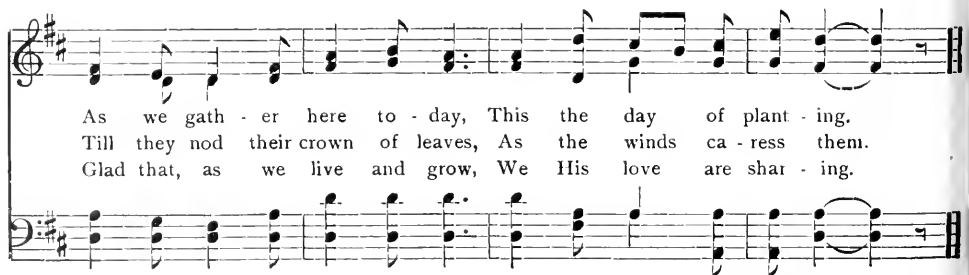


Birds have caught the same sweet song, Fly - ing gai - ly o'er us;  
 In the lap of moth - er earth, They will not of - fend her;  
 Lo! our twigs on bar - ren plains Shade and rest are throw - ing.

## DUET.



Let us blend our voi - ces, too, In a glad - some chant - ing,  
 Day and night she'll nurse the trees, Sun - light, pure, will bless them  
 Then in faith we look to Him Who for trees is car - ing,



As we gath - er here to - day, This the day of plant - ing.  
 Till they nod their crown of leaves, As the winds ca - res them.  
 Glad that, as we live and grow, We His love are shar - ing.

Copyright, 1894, by HENRY DATE.

From "Uncle Sam's School Songs," HOPE PUBLISHING COMPANY, Chicago, Publishers.

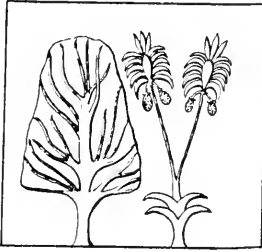
## YOU ARE LIFE

Grey tree  
Against a star-streaked sky,  
You are Life.  
Your entangled up-stretched branches

Are arms  
Reaching for the stars,  
(That's what a Heaven's for.)  
—*Ruth C. Fenton.*

## TREES IN ART

*By Miriam A. Banks, Curator of the Museum, Rhode Island School of Design*



Date-palm and Frankincense Tree  
From an Egyptian Wall-carving

If you were drawing a picture and wanted to make it clear that it was an outdoors scene, what would be the simplest and easiest way to do it? Would it not be to put a tree in the picture? That is what the artists in ancient Egypt and Greece did thousands of years ago.

In a land of hot sun like Egypt a shady tree is appreciated, and the old Egyptian used to pray that his departed soul might sit "on the boughs of the trees that he had planted and enjoy the cool air of his sycamore." On the walls of tombs we find pictures of country houses surrounded by rows and rows of trees. There are palm-trees with tall straight trunks and broom-like tops, fig-trees

and cone-shaped cedars. So highly did Queen Hatshepsu prize the trees which produced the aromatic gum called frankincense, that she had some of the living trees brought to Egypt from the Land of Punt and planted in the garden of Amon; and on the walls of the great temple that she built in western Thebes we see carvings showing the trees, with their roots encased in bags, being carried to the ships, or growing in the villages beside the date-palms with their hanging clusters of dates.

We read in Greek literature about Appelles and other great painters, but their work is lost to us. The walls and panels on which they painted have long since crumbled away. We get a hint of what Greek painting may have been like from the pictures on Greek vases. When the painters wanted to show that a scene took place in a wood, they added a tree to the picture. These trees were generally slender and straggling, like tall weeds, with each leaf distinct. Sometimes, however, the painter drew a compact little tree such as the Tree of Golden Apples in the Garden of the Hesperides which appears on a little vase now in a museum in Berlin.



Tree of Golden Apples  
(From a Greek Vase)

Of Roman painting, we have more knowledge. When the eruption of Vesuvius in the first century after Christ buried the town of Pompeii under a thick layer of ashes, it preserved the houses so that when in modern times they were dug free, they were almost exactly as they were when the terrorized people had rushed out of them so many hundreds of years ago. The roofs had fallen in, but the walls were still standing and were found to be smoothly plastered and decorated with paintings. On some were landscapes with rocks and trees—olive groves and flame-like cypresses and slender young saplings springing from steep cliffs by the sea.

At Prima Porta, just outside the city of Rome, are the ruins of the country villa of the Empress Livia, the wife of Augustus. On the walls of one of the rooms are



### CHRIST, THE GOOD SHEPHERD

From a Picture on the Wall of Catacomb of St. Callistus

painted many varieties of trees, so realistically that the lady who occupied it must have felt as if she were dwelling within a shady garden. There are pomegranate and apple trees, maples and oaks, palm trees and oleanders and dark green evergreens. Birds flutter among the leaves or hover in the blue sky above the branches.

Early Christian art was symbolic. It did not try to depict the beauty of the world, but to impress upon everyone the beauty of Christ's life. Yet even in the dark underground passages of the Catacombs, where the Christians buried their dead and held their secret meetings, there are pictures which show observation of nature, for Christ the Good Shepherd with the lost sheep on his shoulders stands between two trees.



Tree from a Mosaic Picture at S. Vitale,  
Ravenna

When the Christians were able to build themselves churches, they decorated the walls and the domed ceilings above their altars with mosaics, making great sacred pictures with nicely fitted bits of colored or gilded glass, which glimmered in sombre splendor in the flickering light of the altar candles. In some of these pictures holy martyrs alternate with stiff palm-trees, and in one wonderful mosaic picture at Ravenna, showing Abraham entertaining the Angels, there is a sturdy tree with gnarled trunk and spreading branches bearing large leaves.

During the Middle Ages paintings were made according to religious conventions and were stiff and formal, but in the wonderful decorated manuscripts made in the quiet monasteries natural fancy and inventiveness was free to express itself. The patient monks filled their brushes with aquamarine and scarlet and gold, enriching the great initial letters, and interspersing amid the black text, quaint and lovely little pictures. Just as they liked to trace leafy tendrils between the lines of black lettering, so they enjoyed painting pleasant landscapes behind the figures in their miniature paintings. The landscapes show rocks and waterways and trees, beautiful little green trees with straight slender trunks which fork out into a bush of delicate leafage at the tops.

The people of the Middle Ages lived out of doors more than we do to-day. The great nobles spent their time hunting, hawking or going to the wars and sought their castles only as a refuge from their foes or when the weather was particularly disagreeable. When indoors they liked to have the tapestries which covered the stone walls remind them of the life they most enjoyed, and so the tapestry weavers wove woodland scenes with hunters riding or stalking through the forests, or stalwart woodchoppers, or ladies in a garden. Some of these tapestries are so filled with trees and plants that they are known as "Verdures." The trees are usually small and straight-stemmed, with very distinct leaves. If an oak-tree is depicted, you can count the acorns; if an apple-tree, the apples.



Clump of Oak Trees  
From a Gothic Tapestry  
of the Early 16th  
Century

These early pictures of trees look very quaint to us. A tree is harder to draw truthfully than a man. Most trees have hundreds and hundreds of leaves. In making a picture of a tree, it is, of course, impossible to draw every leaf. If we look at a tree, we see only a few of the leaves; indeed unless we are close, we do not actually see any of them as distinct leaves, but only as masses of light and shade. If an artist draws or paints a tree's foliage as a broad mass, unless he is very skillful, the tree will look too solid. For the foliage of a tree is a crowd of little fluttering green banners among which the air moves freely and the sunlight sends glints of gold. It was not until the Renaissance, or rebirth of culture, when Europe rediscovered the literature, arts and sciences of the Classical Age, that artists learned to paint trees as they really appear. Even then, they learned very slowly. For the painters' chief concern was painting human beings, and landscapes were merely added as pleasant backgrounds.

It was Leonardo da Vinci, who was scientist as well as painter, who turned his great mind to accurate studies of trees. In his notebooks he analyzed their structure, observing that "the tips of the boughs of trees, unless they are borne down by the weight of their fruits, turn towards the sky as much as possible," and he illustrates by little diagrams how some trees are shaped like pyramids and some like spheres. He studied the effect of wind upon trees, how it bent the boughs and ruffled leaves, and he thought trees in a picture looked best if they were painted half in sunlight and half in shadow.

Raphael, incomparable painter of Madonnas, completed his visions of beauty with landscape backgrounds of tender loveliness where slim young trees rose like tall ferns into the fair skies. This love of young trees was persistent in Italian art for many years. A succession of painters delighted in the slender aspiring stems and delicate leafage of saplings, and Raphael's trees are the perfection of this ideal.

The great Venetian painter, Titian, loved and painted trees of a sturdier growth. He liked great forest trees with huge trunks and large boughs bearing thick foliage. Yet while he preferred trees that were rugged and grand, he could paint trees of graceful charm also. His drawings show us how well he understood all types of trees.



From a Colonial Embroidery

In the North, in Flanders, artists carried on and developed the landscape backgrounds of the miniature painters in pictures of larger size. The trees, with scrupulously exact leaves, whether poplars, chestnuts or elms, were small and proportionate to the landscapes. They were executed with the same exquisite carefulness as the tiny miniatures in the manuscript books. In Germany, painters' imaginations were stimulated by romantic forests and wild and solitary scenes, and the early wood-engravers appreciated the beauty of tree-trunks and liked to put in their pictures old trees warped by weather and age and dead trees in their gaunt leaflessness. Dürer, one of the greatest of German artists, was one of the first painters to make conscientious drawings of forest trees. To the gnarled trunks, the interlacing boughs, the massed leaves, he gave the most painstaking study.



From an Indo-Persian Miniature Executed for the Great Sultan Akbar in the 16th Century

It was less than three centuries ago that landscape came to be painted for its own sake and not simply to fill in backgrounds of pictures. The first painter to gain wide fame as a landscapist was the French artist, Claude Lorrain. He was an untiring student of nature, and the trees in his spacious, serene pictures have both grace and truth. In Dutch art, landscape held an important place and, as was natural in a northern country, the bare trees of winter were frequently portrayed. Almost everyone is familiar with the picture called "The Avenue," by Hobbema, in which a road, running straight away from us up the center, is bordered by very tall trees whose thin stems have been lopped clean of branches. One of the most celebrated etchings of Rembrandt, who was the greatest of all Dutch artists, is "The Three Trees," in which a clump of trees cast their shadows on the slope of a hill, the sky bright behind them, though

a storm is hurrying from the neighboring valley.

The painters of Spain are noted for their wonderful portraits, but they were not indifferent to the beauties of nature. Velasquez liked to paint his royal patrons against out-of-door backgrounds, and whenever possible he did so, showing them on their spirited horses on rocky ledges, the wide-wooded countryside behind them. In the museum of the Rhode Island School of Design there is a large picture by the Spanish painter, Francisco Collantes. In it, the great, dark, gloomy trees quite overshadow the little figures of Hagar and Ishmael and the Angel in the foreground.

The English portrait painters, too, liked to portray elegant ladies and gentlemen as if they had caught them standing or walking in the grounds of their manor-houses. The plummy trees which they put in their backgrounds had a refinement and elegance that equaled that of the people they painted, but they were not very true to nature. A very sincere painter and lover of nature, John Constable, realized this and he spent his life studying trees. He realized that there are never two trees just alike, not even two leaves. He studied them intently and painted them in their true green and not the brown and yellow tones that the artists up to his time had been accustomed to use.

We are all of us familiar with the pictures of the French painter, Corot, with their soft feathery trees. Even if we do not know his name, we know the pictures, because hundreds of reproductions of them have been made. He loved to paint silvery willow trees and delicate aspens. As we look at his pictures it almost seems as if the soft blur of the foliage was quivering in the breeze. For Corot knew what the

ancient Greeks and early European painters did not, that a few leaves or a great many leaves carefully drawn would not produce the effect of a living tree, if for no other reason than that the leaves of a tree are never absolutely still.

Another French painter, Theodore Rousseau, was one of the greatest painters of trees that ever lived. He adored trees and spent most of his days in the forest studying them. He would set off in the mornings with his dinner in a linen bag and sketch the trees in all sorts of weather, often till his fingers were stiff with cold. To own one of his pictures is like owning a little bit of the living forest.

Compared with the older countries of Europe, our country is still young, but already there is a long list of American landscape painters. And, of course, whenever we have painters of landscape we have painters of trees, for trees are to most landscapes what flowers are to a garden. The landscape varies in different sections of the country, but, except for the desert scenes and the barren mountain tops of the West, there are always trees, from the lovely elms of New England with their drooping boughs to the great redwoods of California.

I have spoken not at all of the art of the Far Orient, of China and Japan. Their painters appreciated trees long before the painters of Europe. The Orientals value landscape as the highest type of art. They call it by a word which means "mountain and water picture." In every landscape painting, there are mountains and streams, and growing from the crags of the mountains and leaning over the water are trees, twisted pine trees or willows with their fringe of branches, or graceful maples. In books of instructions for artists there are rules for painting near and distant trees. When painting some trees they were told to use dots like mouse footprints and for pine boughs strokes like storks' legs.

The Persians, who made hand-written books long after Europe was using printed books, used to adorn them with little paintings just as the monks of the Middle Ages did. There was nothing the Persians loved better than a garden, and so the little pictures are sprinkled thickly with flowers, and against the skies of lovely blue or gold, exquisite little trees lift flowering boughs or form dense silhouettes of green.

In all ages and climes artists have loved trees. This is most natural, because trees are so beautiful and artists are generally more sensitive than other people to beauty. Trees are supremely beautiful at all times: in winter when their bare branches form a delicate lattice against the sky; in spring when the tiny buds burst into tender green or little flowerets spangle the boughs; in summer when the leaves are thick and green; and in autumn when the frost turns the leaves scarlet and yellow and brown and the wind sends them drifting earthward. And the constant



Wind-blown Pines from a Japanese  
Color-print

evergreens, is it strange that the Oriental reverences them and considers them a symbol of long life? How beautiful and varied are the shapes of trees—the poplar like a torch, the elm like a fountain, the fir tree like a green arrow-head pointing to heaven! The artists have noted all the beauties and have recorded them for us with pencil and pen and paintbrush. Perhaps some of the pictures of trees if we look at them carefully may help us to discover new loveliness in the trees on our streets and in our dooryards and in the country fields and woods.

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WHAT TREES TEACH US  
(Rhymes for Individual Recitations.)

I am taught by the Oak to be rugged and strong  
In defense of the right, in defiance of wrong.

I have learned from the Maple that beauty to win  
The love of all hearts must have sweetness within.

The Beech, with its branches wide-spreading and low,  
Awakes in my heart hospitality's glow.

The Pine tells of constancy. In its sweet voice,  
It whispers of hope till sad mortals rejoice.

The nutbearing trees teach that 'neath manners gruff  
May be found as "sweet kernels" as in their caskets rough.

The Birch, in its wrapping of silvery gray,  
Shows that beauty needs not to make gorgeous display.

The Ash, having fibers tenacious and strong,  
Teaches me firm resistance, to battle with wrong.

The Aspen tells me with its quivering leaves  
To be gentle to every sad creature that grieves.

The Elm teaches me to be pliant yet true;  
Though bowed by rude winds, it still rises anew.

The Lombardy Poplars point upward in praise,  
My voice to kind Heaven they teach me to raise.

I am taught generosity, boundless and free,  
By showers of fruit from the dear Apple tree.

The Cherry tree, blushing with fruit crimson red,  
Tells of God's free abundance that all may be fed.

In the beautiful Linden, so fair to the sight,  
The truth I discern; it is inwardly white.

The firm-rooted Cedars, like sentries of old,  
Show that virtues deep rooted may also be gold.—*Helen O. Hoyt.*



## A WREATH OF FLOWERS

The following verses were written by children of the Sixth Grade, Henry Barnard School, as part of a project in the making of a state flower book, including paintings of state flowers and notes on the method of selection in each state:

### GAY LITTLE PEOPLE

The flowers are little people,  
All in a class by themselves,  
When the wind goes whistling by,  
They seem to be dancing elves.

The flowers are little people,  
Who, too, are an ornament—  
They grow along the roadside  
And with the poets are prominent.

The flowers are little people,  
Who play when it is dark.  
When people are in their beds,  
It is their time to lark.

—*Evangeline Stevens.*

### THE VIOLET

The violet blue! the violet blue!  
'Tis the sign of spring!  
It grows in swamps and woodlands, too,  
Where birds live and sing.

It grows about five inches tall  
And comes in early spring.  
The chosen flower of this state small  
Is such a pretty thing.

—*Matilda Mosher.*

### A DAISY

Stands a dainty little daisy  
With petals long and lacy,  
Beside the river's bank.

All day its white head tosses  
As wind so gaily passes,  
Beside the river's bank.

Every morning the bees come,  
Cheering the flowers with their hum,  
Beside the river's bank.

One blossom with a golden heart  
From the others stands apart,  
Near by the river's bank.

It cannot gossip with its neighbor.  
'Tis too busy with its labor,  
Beside the river's bank.

Its lullaby the river sings,  
And gaily the blue bell rings,  
Beside the river's bank.

—*Dorothy Kelman.*

### THE VIOLET

Are you lonesome, little violet,  
By the everflowing brook,  
Always singing you to sleep  
As it ripples past your nook?

Are you fright'ned, little violet,  
By the mist which falls on you,  
Tinting well your pretty coat,  
Making bright its brilliant blue?

Are you happy, little violet,  
In the birds' sweet melody,  
As they whisper sweetly to you,  
Floating through the air with glee?

—*Annie Edge.*

### THE GOLDENROD

The goldenrod is now in bloom,  
Its color is a brilliant hue.  
This lovely autumn flow'r so bright  
Is ev'ry morning wet with dew.

This flower grows along the road.  
It seems so very tall.  
Its yellow blossoms hang like gold  
And are so loved by children small.

—*Frances Gill*

### NATURE

Nature's life is one long span,  
She has one, that is all.  
Her flowers come and go, like man,  
Without their Mother's call.

Flower, tree, and Nature's work,  
Are very fine indeed.  
The bullfrog, of the pond so deep,  
Asks not for help nor need.

Pretty flowers of the woods,  
We should not pull or pick,  
For when the next year comes around,  
They won't be very thick.

Some of these are called wild flowers;  
They grow in field or wood.  
But some of them are grown from seeds,  
So beautiful and good.

Dreams of Nature, somewhat true,  
I wonder how 'twould be,  
If Mother Nature's work were  
Invisible to me.

—*Eleanor Patton.*

### "WHAT TREES DO"

- (a) Help to keep the air pure for man.
- (b) Supply a large part of all the fuel in the world.
- (c) Furnish us with building materials, furniture, implements, utensils and tools.
- (d) Provide us with permanent and striking beauty.
- (e) Improve the climate and conserve soil and water.
- (f) Furnish safe shelter and natural resting places for birds.
- (g) Supply a variety of useful products.—*Science Classroom.*

## WHO WILL PLANT A TREE?

Forestation is a pertinent Yuletide subject, not because of the gaps created on our hillsides by the Christmas-tree industry, but because a forest is one of the few things we can give to posterity, as well as enjoy ourselves while it is in the making.

In spite of its density of population, its tremendous industrial establishments and the constant glacierlike extension of residential areas into the rural districts, Rhode Island manages still to contain a remarkably large wooded acreage. As every motorist knows, it is possible to find square miles of forest even in this small commonwealth which has so few square miles for so many users, and to find them making cool lanes of smooth State highways, as well as of rutted byways.

But have we all the forests we should have? Is all our cleared land needed for tilling or building? Hardly, if disuse is any criterion. It seems highly probable that more land than is used lies fallow, its delicate soil spread but thinly between the rocks of stone-walled, undulating pastures, defying plow and harrow, warming seed but poorly, yet capable of bearing many trees.

In wondering what might be done in Rhode Island, one instinctively thinks of what is being done beyond our narrow borders. In New York State, for instance, it is reckoned that 1,000,000,000 new trees will be planted in the next fifteen years, and 100,000,000 annually thereafter. If that job looks formidable, the *New York Evening Post* relates how one man, Thomas C. Luther, "has planted 4,000,000 trees on a plot of 7,000 acres and is adding about 1,000,000 every year," while the St. Regis Paper Company, which has planted 5,000,000 and has a present schedule of 1,500,000 a year, is planning to treble the latter number.

"Last year," according to the *Post*, "1,000,000 trees were planted in Cortland County, mainly by school children, Boy Scouts and fish and game clubs. Essex and Oswego counties have appropriated \$50,000 each to be spent at the rate of \$5,000 annually. This amount will provide for the planting of 1,000,000 trees every twelve months."

"The total number of trees planted in this State this year is about 25,000,000," the *Post* continues. "There is evident justification for the statement that the people of the commonwealth are becoming 'forest conscious.' Tree planting is becoming contagious. Chambers of commerce, Rotary and Kiwanis clubs, schools, colleges and other kinds of organizations are discovering that there is a thrill in the useful work of planting a tree. For the sake of the immediate as well as of the longer future, it is to be hoped that this discovery will spread."

What a contrast between that sort of productive activity and the spectacle of school children who certainly are not fired with enthusiasm committing to Mother Earth on Arbor Day each year an insignificant number of trees which they do not really plant, but merely transplant!

Since Roger Williams came here through the forests, the scene has changed as a stage scene does between the lowering and raising of the curtain. Block Island, once hirsute, is balder than the old man of the sea, and the gales have blown its soil away. The islands of the bay have likewise been clipped in the newer fashion. The peninsulas and points projecting into blue water retain here and there a tuft of trees, which constantly invite a new scalping by the wind. Inland, great reaches have resounded to the axe, none too fruitfully, and have become too cold a pastoral entirely to please the eye.

Who will plant a conifer, an oak, a chestnut, maple, poplar, beech? Who will make posterity a gift and have a lot of fun in doing it?—*Providence Journal*, Dec. 23, 1927.

## RHODE ISLAND FORESTRY POSSIBILITIES

It has been stated that there are over 200,000 acres of land in Rhode Island which are lying practically idle, and which, at no great expense, could be turned into forest plantations. Ownership of New England rural property does not change so rapidly as in some of the more newly-settled sections of the country. It is highly probable that thousands of acres of this land which might be planted now with seedlings will still be in the possession of the same families when these seedlings will have grown to marketable timber. Even an acreage of halfgrown trees is more readily salable, at a fair price, than barren and abandoned land.

The care of the woodlot is not excessive, and can be given largely at the time of year when other crops do not need attention. And even after a very few years from the setting of mere seedlings, a well-handled plantation will be compensating its owner adequately for the labor he has given it. Forest trees are not particularly exacting in their soil demands; they do not require the artificial fertilization in this section that is essential to vegetable and fruit raising. There are, however, certain types of trees that thrive better than others under Rhode Island conditions of soil and climate.

It should be noted by all who own Rhode Island land not under cultivation that such property is made free from taxation over a considerable period of time where it is utilized for forest plantations. The present laws provide this exemption for fifteen years, but it is generally felt by those most familiar with the subject that the period should be extended. With this encouragement and the practical aids to profitable operation readily available, hundreds of Rhode Island farmers will find it advantageous to turn their attention to their woodlots at this time.

The Chief Forester of the United States Department of Agriculture, Col. W. B. Greeley, in his report, stresses particularly the advisability of bringing more forest lands under government, state, and municipal control, so that replacement of trees would be carried out systematically to combat the lumber famine, which is inevitably coming to the future generations of Americans as a result of the current indifference of the present owners to forest perpetuation. He believes that the area of land in public ownership should be increased by all agencies until ultimately about one-third of our forest area is under such management.

Col. Greeley's reasons for recommending public ownership are based upon long experience with the Department of Agriculture in attempting to get individual land-owners into the frame of mind of looking ten, twenty-five, fifty years ahead. Such a period falls into another generation—and the present owner in many cases hasn't any assurance that the property will even be in his possession or that of his surviving hers at that future date. *What the current owner fails to grasp is the fact that if the land which is not more useful for other purposes is properly forested, it will every year be increasing in value, not alone to him for personal use of the growing timber, but to any buyer who may become interested in it.*

It is encouraging to note, however, that many of the large corporate owners of forest lands are co-operating more willingly than ever before in the adoption of better methods for the handling and conservation of their trees. But in order to accomplish really satisfactory ends in the matter of timber perpetuation, all individual owners must take vastly more personal responsibility, or else pass the responsibility to the public.—*From the Netopian.*

## CELEBRATING ARBOR DAY

Arbor Day is celebrated in all parts of Canada and the United States. Its original and fundamental aim may be found in the movement to conserve the natural resources of our country, particularly the forests.

As far back as 1864, there was serious discussion of wasteful forest destruction. The efforts of European countries to reforest and to prevent exploitation of timbered lands were brought to the attention of Congress. In 1874, Congress appointed a commission to investigate the situation. The report of this commission recommended definite steps to educate the public to the tremendous value of forests.

The practical suggestion to set aside a day for tree planting came from the Hon. J. Sterling Morton of Nebraska. The term, Arbor Day, was adopted by the State legislature. The first celebration came on April 10, 1872. By the offering of premiums and prizes, great enthusiasm was aroused over the entire state of Nebraska and over 1,000,000 trees were planted on this Arbor Day.

In quick succession, other states followed the example of Nebraska. By 1885, the observance of the day became general all over the country. From the very beginning the schools were given a prominent place in these celebrations. In fact, it was the National Educational Association which was largely responsible for the growth of the movement.

As the idea spread, two points of view have been given equal emphasis, (1) The tree as a useful thing and (2) The tree as a thing of beauty.

Any school program arranged on Arbor Day should give both points of view a place.—*The Science Classroom.*

## TREES FOR TWO PURPOSES

Every tree we plant is a distinct gain. In parks, on highways, in gardens, yards or orchards and in the vaster projects of forestry, new trees add to the fullness of life.

Yet we do not always plant wisely. Perhaps we long for an apple tree—fragrant in spring, heavy with fruit in fall—but we feel we have no room for it. Yet why should fruit trees be confined to an orchard or even to a good-sized lot? An apple tree asks no more than an elm. The yard that will support any fair-sized tree will nourish a cherry or a plum tree.

Many country school yards might well be planted with the trees cleared for the building. Often young wild cherries and plums are cut down when they could be transplanted around the new building, which all too often is left to stand in unrelieved bareness on a stripped lot. Hazelnuts are as attractive as many more costly shrubs, and the butternut and black walnut are stately trees whose foliage before the leaves fall is rich with golden color.

Why not, when next we plant a tree, plant a food-bearing variety—thus we can celebrate the quiet economies of nature and lay up a double treasure of beauty and usefulness.—*Woman's Home Companion.*

## FAIRIES

There are fairies at the bottom of our garden!

It's not so very, very far away;

You pass the gardener's shed and you just keep straight ahead—

I do so hope they've really come to stay.

There's a little wood, with moss in it and beetles,

And a little stream that quietly runs through;

You wouldn't think they'd dare to come merry-making there—

Well, they do.—*Rose Fyleman.*

## THE SONG OF THE FORESTER

This is the song of the Forester  
As he starts in the morning grey  
With a swinging stride up the mountain-  
side,  
To meet the break of day.  
And he sings a song as he swings along  
Through the break of sumach red.  
"Oh, a pack on my back,  
My foot in the track,  
And a blue sky overhead."

What matter if he be a lumber-jack,  
If he be a college man;  
God gave the woods to a brotherhood,  
And not to a class or clan.  
So he sings a song as he tramps along  
With the words that his brother said—  
"Oh, a pack on my back,  
My foot in the track,  
And a blue sky overhead."

There's many a man of the city stamp,  
Who will barter honor for fame.  
There is many a liar of like desire  
Who will sell his soul for a name,  
Yet, he calls me a fool  
Of the wayward school  
When I'm off by my fancy led,  
With a pack on my back  
My foot in the track,  
And the blue sky overhead.

We are the ones who have chosen the  
wood  
The ones who have turned to the land.  
Men, only, may know our brotherhood,  
And our creed may understand.  
For the pack on our back is the burden  
of life,  
The trail is the way we tread,  
And the love of God for human kind  
The blue sky overhead.—*A. H. Lewis.*

## BIRTH OF SPRING

God smiled through the primal chaos,  
And the shadows all fled from the earth,  
As the fragrant trees and the grasses  
Awakened to tremulous birth.

Violets bloomed in the valleys,  
And lilacs laughed down from the hills,  
As they hearkened the wind-blown whis-  
per,  
That came from the daffodils.

And then in a sudden stillness  
A skylark began to sing;  
God smiled on the primal chaos  
And lo, through the mists came Spring!  
—*Edgar Daniel Kramer.*

## MAY

It is Maytime, happy Maytime,  
Oh, the month of May is fair,  
With the soft blue skies and sunshine,  
And the flowers everywhere.

All the bees are humming, humming,  
And the butterflies so gay  
Flit about, while every fruit tree  
Is a pink and white bouquet.

And from every field and hillside,  
Every valley, every glen,  
Comes the sound of merry warbling,  
All the birds are back again!—*Anon.*

While May bedecks the naked trees  
With tassels and embroideries,  
And many blue-eyed violets beam  
Along the edges of the stream,  
I hear a voice that seems to say,  
Now near at hand, now far away,  
"Witchery—witchery—witchery!"  
—*Henry Van Dyke.*

## VESPER TIME

The spruces lift dark gothic spires  
Against the evening sky;  
On mountain altars vast, the fires  
Of Sunset glow and die.

The thrushes chant across the miles  
From chapels in the trees,  
And wake the dusky woodland aisles  
To holy harmonies.

Upon his massive organ wrought  
Of balsam and of pine,  
The night wind plays, his dreaming  
fraught  
With melody divine.

The white procession of the stars  
Moves down the aisles of night,  
While from the western window's bars  
Pours down a radiance bright.

And with the twilight feel  
A peace so deep and dear,  
I know that angels earthward steal  
And God is walking near.  
—*Arthur W. Peach.*

## TREES

Trees that bend, trees that fall,  
Trees that stand, defying all.  
Trees with branches bare and dead,  
Trees with leaves, gold, green and red;  
Mighty trees that cleave the sky!  
Trees with breezes moan and sigh.

Trees with branches spreading low,  
Whispering trees, that tremble so!  
Apple trees, all gnarled and bent,  
Fragrant trees, with piney scent,  
Slim and white the birch tree stands—  
Trees that wait, like outstretched hands.

Little, thin, clean, baby trees,  
Throbbing lives that no one sees,  
Trees and trees, great forests dark!  
Strong and frail, o'erhanging and stark.  
I could live and live at ease  
Among my friends, the forest trees.  
—*Loreine M. Fletcher.*

## BRAIN FOOD

See the forest on these hills,  
Destined for the paper mills:  
Pause amid these woodland scenes—  
Here are future magazines.

There a sturdy giant falls:  
That will be the new McCall's.

Here's some timber for a dry jest  
In The Literary Digest.

See that pine against the sky?  
That is Harper's for July.

See that hemlock in the canyon?  
That's the Woman's Home Companion.

There's a fellow cutting spruce.  
Let us ask him, for whose use.  
What! It's for the Mercury?  
Woodman, woodman spare that tree!  
—*Norman R. Jaffray.*

## FORESTRY

Rhode Island and its municipalities might well investigate the seemingly magic possibilities of State and municipal forests. In many sections of Europe such forests have met municipal taxes for the past thousand years.

A substantial start in town forestry has been made in New England and while we may never find our entire taxes paid out of the revenue derived from this source there can be little doubt that material relief may be expected from the fruits of such enterprising foresight.

There are in the United States 250 municipal forests scattered throughout 26 States. The gross area of these forests exceeds 500,000 acres.

In Massachusetts there are 77 municipal forests, with 107 towns investigating the possibilities of establishing forests. New Hampshire has 61 such forests. Vermont and Connecticut have 20 each. The State of Maine is awakening to the subject and should make rapid strides in the development of town forests.

The oldest town forest in New Hampshire and probably in the United States, is at Newington, N. H., with its forest established in 1710. This forest has enriched the town treasury on numerous occasions.

Two hundred thousand acres of Rhode Island's 683,000 are unimproved and adapted to reforestation. Abundant opportunity for the development of such work in Rhode Island is apparent.—*From Report of the Taxation Committee of the Providence Chamber of Commerce.*

### GUARD THE FORESTS

Public sentiment ought to be aroused to save life and property from the ravages of the red peril and ought to focus attention on the necessity for care in the woods.

The sight of a noble strip of woodland falling prey to the fierce sweep of consuming flames is one that touches the heart of nature lovers with sadness. Outraged beauty calls mutely for help.

Economically, too, the preservation of our forests is a matter of serious concern to all. The plight of a country without adequate forest reserves is well nigh desperate.

Large areas in China are periodically swept by devastating floods solely because there are not enough trees to absorb the surplus rainfall. One of the first tasks France addressed herself to after the war was the restoration of her stricken forests.

It is reported that St. Francis Xavier never would permit a brother of his fraternity to uproot a tree or cut it down in such wise that it could not grow again. The tender care of the Saint was not prompted so much by his economical sense, however, as by his great love for nature, which to him was a never-failing reflection of its God.

It is too bad that something of the spirit of St. Francis cannot inspire all of us. While it is not given to all to view the things of God with the love that animated the Saint of Poverty, we can, nevertheless, understand the attitude of St. Francis and work toward an appreciation of the great things that have been given to us with so lavish a hand.—*Providence Visitor.*

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The mountains in winter, the mountains I love;  
Below, the black forest; the white peaks, above;  
Along the calm valleys, the deep drifted snow;  
While over the summits the winter winds blow;  
The moose and the deer through the underwood roam,  
And the chickadee finds in the fir tree a home.—*Anon.*

# SPRING

E. J.

G. H. G.

*Moderately fast*

A mil - lion ba - by blos - soms

O - pen their eyes and sing:\_\_\_ "Good

morn - ing ev - er - y - bod - y,\_\_\_ Good

morn - ing, it is spring!\_\_\_

## SPRING

The bleak and gloomy winter has departed; spring has arrived with the song of her glory. What fond memories it brings back to our minds! Go forth into the sweet, morning air and observe the magnificent charms of this delightful season. Watch the little lambs skip through the fresh, green grass; the frolicsome kids jump from rock to rock; the numerous songsters warbling their song of praise to the Maker of infinite goodness.

Aloft in the blue vault of heaven we hear the well known voice of the lark; in the midst of the hawthorn hedge sits the blackbird. Now and then his clear melodious voice rings out from his hiding place. This is enough to refresh and console the weary heart. Walk through the fertile grass and enjoy these delightful charms. It is the season of singing birds, bright flowers, budding trees and other gorgeous sights. The grass that refused to grow during the winter now starts a new life, for spring has come and the grass has turned to a verdant green. The trees that were so cold and bare while hard hearted winter was here are no longer dead for tiny leaves are sprouting from each branch. The green lawns are decorated here and there by crocuses, daffodils, tulips and other messengers of spring.

Take a ride through the country and watch the busy farmers tilling the soil and sowing various crops. The field is like a green mantle when the farmer comes along to turn it up, but flowers and green grass disappear before the plough and are changed into a mass of clay. On each side of the field is a hawthorn hedge which has just blossomed and it now sends forth a scent of perfume. Listen! What are the melodious melodies that we hear in the adjoining hedge? It is the voices of the little songsters that we hear. Surely they must be giving praise to God for giving them the beautiful season of spring.—Gerald Kelly, *La Salle Academy*.

## WHEN TREES GROW

A marked chestnut oak tree began growing on April 17, and grew regularly until May 23. Then it began a rest period of thirty-two days. On June 24 it started to grow again and continued until July 13. These measurements of growth are credited to the American Tree Association by *The Erie Railroad Magazine* (New York). Says this publication:

If you figure out this tree's height growth you will find that at the beginning of the season it grew for thirty-six days, then rested for thirty-two days, and thereafter grew again for twenty days. During the first growth period it grew ten inches, an average of about one-third of an inch a day. Many believe that trees grow from early spring when the leaves begin to come out until the first frost, when they start to show their autumn color. This wide-spread belief is not correct. For instance, in the latitude of southern Pennsylvania the native forest trees make ninety per cent. of their height growth in forty days of spring and early summer. Trees are fighting for their lives all the time.—*Literary Digest*.

## TRADE SECRETS OF TREES

That a tree is a veritable manufacturing plant with a pumping system of its own, a chemical laboratory and definite "trade" secrets is now generally recognized by scientists who have made a study of the subject. To the ordinary layman who makes various uses of the wood, the intricacies of the tree and the reasons for its growth and ability to supply the product which is so much in need, mean but little. Their interest is apparent only after the growth has been achieved and not before. But there are men who are interested. For instance there was a man who journeyed to the meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science last summer from India carrying a finely adjusted and extremely delicate instrument with which he was able to demonstrate that plant and trees are real mechanisms. The pumping system of the tree is in operation all of the time during the summer. In the winter it is automatically shut off so that it will not freeze. Water is pumped from the roots to the tip-top and then is returned in the form of sap dispersing food and vitality on its way down. In the summer the tree throws out a huge net in the form of leaves by which it gathers carbonic acid gas from the air for mixing in its "laboratory" with the water and mineral matter gathered from the earth. Food is manufactured by this chemical process. Light and heat from the sun makes up the power which operates the "machinery" in the laboratory and pumping system of the tree. The leaves aid in collecting the sunlight and heat.—*School News*.

## TREE BLOSSOMS

You have gathered fruits from many kinds of trees, but have you seen blossoms on these trees? The blossoms of the apple tree are easily seen, but have the oak trees blossomed yet? They have two kinds of flowers on the same tree—tassel-like flowers and some other very small flowers. Both are needed to produce acorns. Even pine, spruce and hemlock bear flowers; their fruits are cones. Cedar trees have small blossoms, too; their fruits are little, hard and blue. Some birds eat these and thus help to scatter the seeds.—*Science Classroom*.

## NATIONAL WILD FLOWER DAY

National Wild Flower Day is a recent special day set apart for consideration of our national wild flowers and for teaching their conservation. April 24 was selected by the founders as the most appropriate date for observance. Suggestions for this day and further information may be had from Albert Stillman, Box 1, Spruce and Curlew streets, San Diego, Calif.—*The Science Classroom*.



## LIVE OAK

The way of an oak is wondrous  
Since first a flaming sword  
Kept it fair in Eden  
Before the face of the Lord.

There is no tree that blossoms  
But prays that it may be  
As fair, as strong a sapling  
As the Garden of Eden tree.

The birch tree prays in beauty,  
The willow in humble tears,  
The fruit trees pray in service  
The pine in growth of years.

The cedar prays in fragrance,  
The elm in grace and height,  
The maple prays in shelter  
For beast and bird's delight.

But a live oak weathers winter—  
Storm and struggle and strife—  
The way of an oak is foursquare,  
The way of the Tree of Life.  
—Fanny de Groot Hastings.

## THE POPLARS

My poplars are like ladies trim,  
Each conscious of her own estate;  
In costume somewhat over-prim,  
In manner cordially sedate,  
Like two old neighbors met to chat  
Beside my garden gate.

My stately old aristocrats—  
I fancy still their talk must be  
Of rose conserves and Persian cats,  
And lavender and Indian tea;  
I wonder sometimes as I pass  
If they approve of me.

I give them greeting night and morn,  
I like to think they answer, too,  
With that benign assurance born  
When youth gives age the reverence due,  
And bend their wise heads as I go  
As courteous ladies do.

Long may you stand before my door,  
Oh, kindly neighbors garbed in green,  
And bend with rustling welcome o'er  
The many friends who pass between;  
And where the little children play  
Look down with gracious mien.

—Theodosia Garrison.

## THE FOREST'S PRIDE

O, giant spruce in the forests of Maine  
Who sheltered birds when the Pilgrims  
came,  
Would I could read the story clear,  
Sealed in thy rings built year on year.

In summer sun and winter snow  
You've seen the redskin come and go;  
Seen him paddle his birch canoe  
Sewed with the roots he stole from you.

The timber wolf with a doleful cry  
Has killed the caribou nearby;  
As the eagle, mighty bird of prey,  
Soared aloft and watched the fray.

With nature's battles fought and won,  
Thy centuried life has e'er been run,  
'Gainst crushing snow and northern blast  
Thy gnarled roots have held thee fast.

O, giant spruce, on the mountain side,  
Steadfast, true . . . the forest's pride,  
Would that man could always be  
Staunch and strong and true like thee.  
—A. L. Grover.

## A BIRCH TREE

A birch tree reflected  
In a green-grey pool,  
Is as feathery fine and filmy  
As a veil of tulle.

A birch tree vignetted  
Against an irised sky  
Is as silver-frail and poignant  
As a night bird's cry.

—Ethel Romig Fuller.

## IT'S GOOD TO BE BACK

It's good to be back where the mountains  
rear

With pride in the open sky,  
When crows return by twos and threes  
And winter clouds roll by.

It's good to lie down where the earth is  
bare

'Neath pines on a Southern slope,  
When bluebirds sing their mating song  
In notes of love and hope.

It's good to be back on familiar ground  
And shedding a loving tear  
On memories of a long-lost past—  
For even the sad are dear.

Oh, e'en tho I idled in foreign lands  
And sat in the courts of kings  
I'd heed the touch of a loving wind  
From the mountains in the spring.

—Stanley Foss Bartlett.

Some things there are beyond both wealth and fame  
Yet sorely needed in this life of ours:  
Songbirds in summer and geranium flowers,  
A share in which the passer-by may claim,  
Joys, which for one and all remain the same:  
Rivers, and hills, and beauty's changeable bowers  
Which ask but love, regardless of our powers,  
And in return set every eye aflame.

Life without these were sordid, cold and bare  
Sunrise and sunset and the golden moon,  
Trees with their great arms stretching high in air,  
Songbirds and roses of the blossomy June.  
For neither gold nor fame could satisfy  
The soul of man if loveliness should die. —Guest.

## WHAT IS A NATURE TRAIL?

A nature trail is a natural path or trail with the things of interest labelled in such a way as to attract and instruct the people who go over the trail.

Whatever is labelled on a trail depends upon what is there by nature. Probably along a certain path wild flowers predominate; then a "Flower Trail" can be laid out. Along another trail there are different species of trees; then a "Tree Trail" can be made. However, a trail which has a variety of things labelled is of interest to more people.

The trail may be laid out in a city or state park or in a piece of woodland where many people go to enjoy the out-of-doors.

The purpose of a nature trail from an educational point of view is to "teach nature where nature is," and from the public point of view, to help the average layman to become better acquainted with the things of nature with which he is daily surrounded. For all concerned, getting acquainted with nature enriches the daily life.

The making of a trail is an excellent means for science students to get acquainted with specimens in the field and at the same time render a service to the community.

The Nature Trail is an effective way of teaching out-of-door good manners and conservation. It calls the attention of people to plants which should be preserved.

—*The Science Classroom.*

### NEW YORK SCHOOL CHILDREN START SCHOOL FOREST

School children of Friendship, Allegany county, have begun the planting of a school forest for which 65 acres of land already have been purchased. The business men of the village purchased the land and donated it to the school. Robert E. Witter, principal of the school, organized the 400 pupils into planting crews, and 10,000 trees were planted within a few hours, after which there were dedicatory exercises and a basket picnic. Professor J. A. Cope of the State College of Agriculture, supervised the planting and made an address on the subject of reforestation, with special reference to the importance of the planting of school forests. There are several such forests already under way in New York, the largest to date being the Watson school forest where the pupils are planting 10,000 trees a year in a 94-acre project that will be completed in 1930.

### STATE TREE GUIDES

Agencies publishing Tree Guides in the various states are as follows:

*Arkansas*—The Director of Extension Service, Fayetteville.

*Connecticut*—The State Forester, Hartford.

*Delaware*—State Department of Education, Dover.

*Florida*—Russell W. Bennett, Sec. of the Florida Forestry Association, Realty Bldg., Jacksonville.

*Georgia*—The Director of Extension Service, Athens.

*Illinois*—The Chief Forester, Springfield.

*Kentucky*—Commissioner of Agriculture, Frankfort.

*Louisiana*—Superintendent of Forestry, New Orleans.

*Maryland*—The State Forester, 1411 Fidelity Bldg., Baltimore.

*Mississippi*—Prof. J. M. Neal, Mississippi A. & M. College, A. & M. College, Miss.

*North Carolina*—The State Forester, Raleigh.

*Oklahoma*—Secretary, Oklahoma Forest Commission, Oklahoma City.

*South Carolina*—Director of Extension Service, Clemson College.

*Tennessee*—State Forester, Nashville.

*Virginia*—State Forester, Charlottesville.

These booklets have been distributed free.—*The Science Classroom.*

## TWO KINDS OF PUSSIES

R. B. G.

K. W. G.

I like the pus-sy wil-lows In their  
soft brown coats of fur, But I like my  
kit-ty bet-ter Be-cause she can real-ly purr.

### WILLOW SONG

Willow wands, willow wands, here are colored willow wands!

Dipping by the river where the thrushes sing;

Purple willow, Creeping willow,

White willow, Weeping willow—

Here are magic willow wands to conjure in the spring.

Willow wands, willow wands, here are pollard willow wands,

Swaying by the water in the wind and rain;

Silver catkins, sallow catkins,

Green catkins, yellow catkins,

Here are colored willow catkins flowering once again!

—*Hamish Maclaren.*

### THE LADY BIRCH

The white birch is a lady,  
And dressed so very neat  
In ribbons green and snowy silk  
She makes a picture sweet.

You often see her smiling  
Beyond a brooklet's side,  
Or standing near a little road  
Serene and dignified.

She always seems so cheerful,  
Not gloomy like the pines,  
Nor sober like the apple trees  
That stand in solemn lines.

Sometimes, if you are watching  
When light winds are about,  
She'll nod her head with greeting gay  
As you pass by, no doubt!

—*Arthur Wallace Peach.*

### IN PRAISE OF MAY

Now God be praised for the green earth  
That spreads from sea to sea,  
For the river and the little stream  
And every forest tree,  
For the shining of the starry night,  
For the rising of the day  
And for that sweet time of the year  
That brings the month of May.

When the wind with bloom comes laden  
From the orchard in the glade,  
When the lily stirs within its sheath,  
The wind-flower in the shade,  
When the robin thrills his heart out  
High on the white-thorn spray  
And earth seems like to heaven  
In the morning of the May.

—*Anne G. Morse.*

## TREE LEGENDS

The ancient heroes were likened to the oak because of its sturdiness, and in commending good deeds of younger men, a ruler or leader would say, "Be thou like the oak." Keats speaks of the oaks as "Those green-robed senators of mighty woods"; Dryden, "The monarch oak, patriarch of the trees"; and in the *Aeneid* we find Virgil speaking of the oak as "Jove's own tree." Perhaps the most famous oak in this country was the "Charter Oak" of Hartford, Connecticut. It was, as will be recalled, the custodian of Connecticut's lost charter.

One member of the elm family was the "lotus" of the ancient people, and there is an old legend that tells us that he who once tasted the lotus never wished to return to his native land again. Another legend says that the one who tastes the lotus goes from the sight and knowledge of all friends, living as a stranger in a strange place, nobody ever knowing his fate. The elm, also, has been "winter's saint" and "beauty of winter," as well as "the athlete of winter." Just why this is so may be hard to say, except that when the leaves are gone and the wintry winds blow, the elm shows its true grace bending to the storms but never breaking.

Another tree "of exceeding grace" is the beech, and this has always been called the true lovers' tree from the earliest days. We are told that the ancients had a custom of pouring wine on the roots of the beech and embracing it, because it was thought that the beech would grant the desires nearest the heart if this were done.

A tree with a very curious history is the sycamore. The sycamore, it is said, is the tree that Joseph and Mary rested under on their flight into Egypt. In old times (twelfth and thirteenth centuries) miracle plays were produced in many European churches, to give the people visual instruction. The sycamore of the East did not grow in Europe, but a tree grew there which had leaves somewhat like those of the ancient sycamore. It was one of the maple family. Because the tree was known as a "sycamore" in the miracle plays, the name clung, and to-day this same tree is still known as the sycamore, although it is not related to the Eastern sycamore.

Another historic tree was the mulberry. An old child-song of play said something about "all around the mulberry bush." The mulberry was known as Minerva's tree because the Greeks dedicated the tree to her. The mulberry was considered a tree of superior wisdom because it was the last of the cultivated trees to open its buds in the spring, and a "weather" sign of old times was to wait until the mulberry had budded before being certain that winter had really departed.

There have been many curious beliefs about trees and lightning. Old farmers say that the beech, for example, is never struck by lightning, because it is "rich in fat and can resist the electricity of the air." This was also thought to be true of other soft-wood trees, like the birch, linden, chestnut, etc. On the other hand, the "poor" trees, like the oak, elm, maple, etc., attract the electricity and cannot resist it.

One of the most curious stories is that told of the birch shaking. If you will watch the birch you will see its leaves shake and tremble when no other tree feels a breeze. Some old legends tell us that Christ was scourged with a rod made from the birch, and that so long as there is a birch left upon the earth it will shiver and shake in dread remembrance of the fact.

A similar story is told of the aspen of Scotland, and the only difference is that the cross was made of its wood, instead of the rod.—*Walter W. Putney.*

## ARBOR DAY SELECTIONS FOR SCHOOL CHILDREN

### ARBOR DAY SONG

Tune: "Lightly Row"  
Sing and play!  
Arbor Day

Comes again our happy way.  
Our good tree  
Soon shall be  
Planted carefully.  
Long ago our fathers kind  
Planted trees for us to find  
Cool retreat  
From the heat  
Of the sultry street.

So shall we  
Plant our tree  
For the happy days to be.  
March around!  
Hear the sound!  
As we spade the ground.  
Joyful shall the hole be made;  
Careful shall the roots be laid;  
Clear and strong,  
Raise our song!  
May the tree live long!

—May B. Bryant.

### PROOF POSITIVE

The North Wind with his voice so shrill  
Insists that it is winter still;  
But no matter how he raves,  
Or how badly he behaves,  
I just know  
It isn't so:  
Yesterday I spied a robin  
Through the orchard trees a-bobbin'.  
And crocuses are blooming in the snow.

—Alice Crowell Hoffman.

### SEEDS

Seeds are awfully funny things;  
Some are plain, and some have wings,—  
(Like the milkweed)—fluffy white;  
Some—(the jewel-flower so bright)—  
Have pods that pop on touch, and scatter  
Before you know what is the matter.

Hollyhocks have flat brown seeds  
Close packed in rings. I've found black  
beads,—  
(They looked so!)—'neath the four  
o'clocks'  
Prim stems; and oh! such flocks and  
flocks  
Of tiny specks as rattle up  
Inside the high-roofed poppy's cup!

Nasturtium seeds smell peppery sweet;  
They grow in triplets, green and neat.  
I love to fill small paper bags  
With different kinds, and put the tags  
On each. I am so fond of seeds,  
I'd 'most collect the naughty weeds!

—Katharine Sawin Oaks.

The skies can't keep their secret!  
They tell it to the hills,  
The hills just tell the orchards  
And they the daffodils!  
A bird, by chance, that goes that way  
Soft overheard the whole.  
If I should bribe the little bird,  
Who knows but she would tell?

—Emily Dickinson.

### THE BIRCHES

The little birches, white and slim,  
Gleaming in the forest dim,  
Must think the day is almost gone,  
For each one has her nightie on!

—Walter Pritchard Eaton.

### PUSSY WILLOWS

Pussy willows soft and gay  
Climb the trees the live-long day;

Seem to race to reach the top,  
Always climb and never stop.

"Willow pussies in the tree,  
Turn your heads and look at me.

"Tell me, why not turn around  
And run your races to the ground?"

"Do you fear the gardener's hoe  
That you climb up in a row?"

"No," one said with whispered miew,  
"The dogwoods wait just back of you!"  
—Ethel M. Parkinson.

### APRIL RAIN

It is not raining rain for me,  
It's raining daffodils;  
In every dimpled drop I see  
Wild flowers on the hills.

The clouds of gray engulf the day  
And overwhelm the town;  
It is not raining rain to me,  
It's raining roses down.

It is not raining rain to me,  
But fields of clover bloom,  
Where any buccaneering bee  
Can find a bed and room.

A health unto the happy,  
A fig for him who frets!  
It is not raining rain to me,  
It's raining violets.

—Robert Loveman.

### HERALDS

The call of the lark in the willows  
The glint of the green in the trees,  
The song in the roll of the billows  
The kiss in the touch of the breeze.

The light in the glance of a maiden  
The flash in the look of a lad,  
The hedgerows with fragrance o'er laden,  
The highways with color made glad.

Of long happy days the harbinger,  
The glories of mountain and plain  
Are with us—and long may they linger—  
Dear Springtime has come back again.

—Frances.

### A RIDDLE

I have only one foot, but thousands of  
toes;

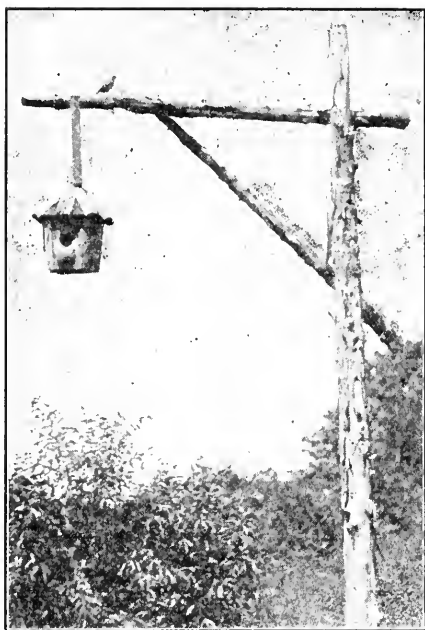
My one foot stands, but never goes.  
I have many arms, and they're mighty tall;  
And hundreds of fingers, large and small.  
From the ends of my fingers my beauty  
grows.

I breathe with my hair, and I drink with  
my toes.

I grow bigger and bigger about the walst,  
And yet I am always very tight laced.  
None e'er saw me eat—I've no mouth  
to bite;

Yet I eat all day in the full sunlight.  
In summer with song I shake and quiver,  
But in winter I fast and groan and shiver.

—George MacDonald.



Wrens Are Welcome Here

#### AT WATCHAUG

I have been where earth, air, sky are free,  
Where the singing bird and budding tree  
Spoke to me  
Of God. There forest, lake, a vista of sea  
With foam-white beach-plum on the lea  
Beckoned me.

There silence drowns peacefully,  
There loitering Beauty cannot flee  
The enraptured gaze. There I hear, I see,  
I know, He speaks to me.

—Alice Hall Walter (courtesy of *Providence Journal*).

In May, 1927, the Commissioner of Education and Superintendents of Schools visited the Kimball Bird Sanctuary on Watchaug Pond in Charlestown by invitation of the Audubon Society of Rhode Island. Although the day was overcast and chilly, inside the "Headquarters" all was warmth and comfort about the glowing fireplace.

An inspection of the grounds along the winding trails to pond and woods, old orchard and hill area, showed the methods employed to attract and conserve our wild bird neighbors. Feeding-houses and trays of different designs, nesting houses, bird baths, a lean-to for winter protection of quail, trees and shrubs desirable to cultivate for the food and nesting-sites of birds, "look-out" trees which are used by migrating birds and as points of vantage, like watch-towers in old castles, cosy bits of underbrush or bush and tangle growth, all contribute to make a bird sanctuary an attractive place for bird life. The Kimball Bird Sanctuary is fortunately not molested by cats or many bird enemies, in this respect having a decided advantage over the majority of sanctuaries.

At "Headquarters" books and magazines, charts, and a variety of nesting-boxes and food-trays, some of which were made in our public schools by boys and girls in manual training departments, with records of birds seen and nesting in the Sanctuary, and a few mounted birds (mostly rare) given from time to time to the Audubon Society, suggested further aids to teachers and students and the general public in the study of making neighbors of wild birds.

#### I SAW A ROBIN IN THE SOUTH

I saw a robin in the south  
Upon a holly tree,  
He took a berry in his mouth  
And turned to look at me.

I fancied that he knew my face,  
So brightly gleamed his eyes,  
To find me in so strange a place,  
Had caught him with surprise.

"Hello," I thought I heard him say,  
"My friend from Michigan!  
And how is little Janet, pray?  
Is Buddy yet a man?"

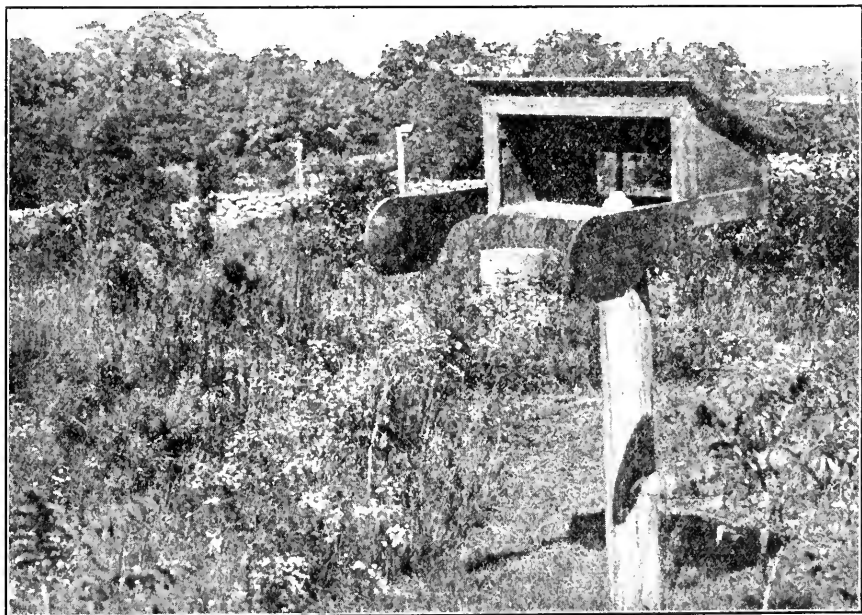
"And is my nest beneath the eaves,  
Or have you torn it down?  
And did the elm tree lose its leaves  
When winter came to town?"

"Oh, tell me, did that oak tree live  
Which withered last July?  
Despite the care I saw you give  
I feared that it would die."

I gave him all the news and then  
He smiled and flew away,  
Shouting: "I'll see you all again  
In Michigan in May!"—*Guest*.

A mother wood duck flew down the chimney of the "Headquarters" bungalow last spring, probably seeking a safe nesting-site. Frightened by the unexpected trap into which she had either fallen or scrambled, she dashed herself to death against the walls of the indoor prison.

So strange a sequel to the inherited instinct to find a safe nesting-place makes the history of this wood duck a striking example of the help we can give our bird neighbors by having among our trees and bushes protected nesting-sites, particularly where, as in case of the mother wood duck, a hollow in some rotten tree-stub might be sought as a shelter for the eggs and nestlings.



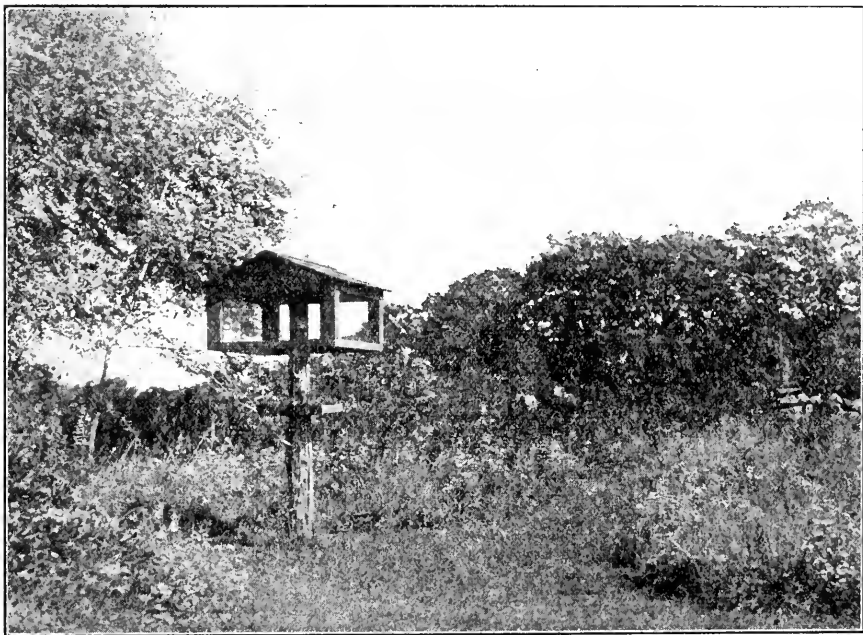
SWINGING BIRD FEEDING BOX AT KIMBALL BIRD SANCTUARY

A great snowy owl in the small collection and a great horned owl, with several smaller birds known and protected about the Sanctuary, are objects of particular interest.

The snowy owl, an irregular winter visitor to Rhode Island and usually rare, feeds largely on field mice and dead fish, except in winters when deep snow prevents it from finding its natural food, or on isolated coasts and islands where food is scarce, when it sometimes molests birds.

The great horned owl, by habit a dweller in the forest wilderness, is accounted a necessary check on the enemies of game and on weakling or diseased game. It attacks skunks as well as other large prey, but is capable of being tamed to a considerable degree, and has even been known to rear a brood of chickens from hen's eggs, and to watch over and protect them with the same care as it would give its own nestlings. This owl has become so rare that the few remaining in our forests should be protected, notwithstanding the fact that near farms or game preserves it is considered a dangerous guest.

There were many visitors last season at the Kimball Bird Sanctuary, 1200 in all, from different states, and as far away as Prince Edward's Island, India and New Zealand. All of these visitors were interested in bird sanctuaries. Some desired to learn how to start and maintain a sanctuary, some to find out methods of teaching others how to conserve bird life by attracting and protecting wild birds about houses and schools; still others came from curiosity, just to see what a bird sanctuary is like.



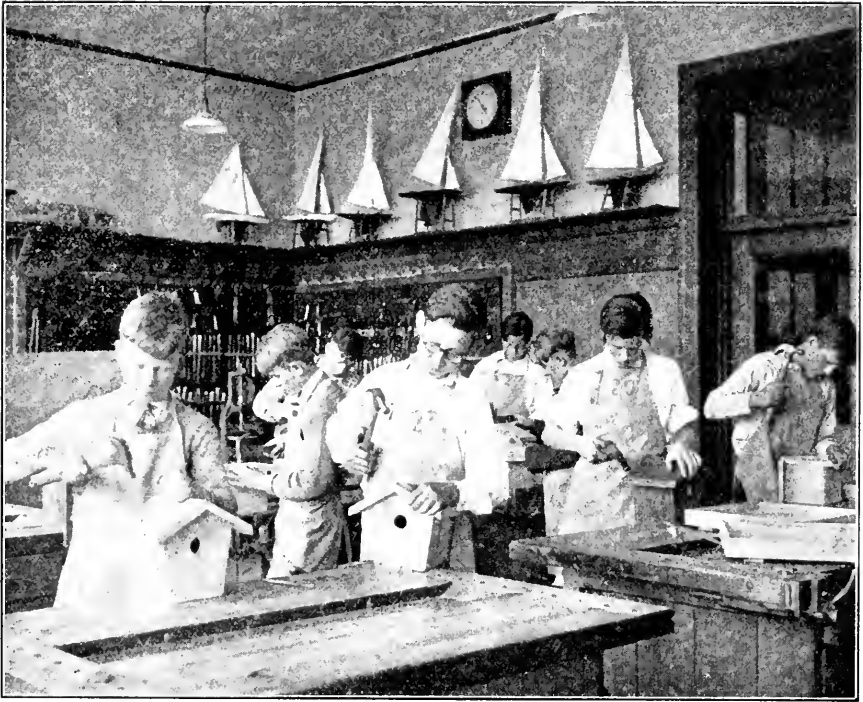
BIRD FEEDING BOX AT KIMBALL SANCTUARY

There is to-day an International Committee for Bird Protection that extends its influence over a large part of the civilized world. When you think of our Bird Sanctuary in Rhode Island, remember that in France, Canada, Holland, Luxembourg, Australia, Great Britain, Italy, Switzerland, Austria, Hungary, Japan, South Africa, New Zealand, Norway, Sweden, Czechoslovakia and Germany, as well as in the United States, the boys and girls with their parents and teachers are learning how to become friends to their wild bird neighbors.

• • • • •

"In May we pass definitely from the bareness of winter to the luxuriance of summer. In the two months from the end of the third week of March to the end of the third week of May, there is accomplished the most rapid contrast of the year: a few summer birds may have come to us before this period begins, but with these few exceptions it includes the arrival of all our summer birds; the transition from cold to warmth; from dark bare branches to thick green trees. In May, when all the summer birds are with us and established in nesting-places and territory, the great Dawn Chorus is at its fullest and best."—From *"The Charm of Birds,"* by Viscount Grey, friend of Theodore Roosevelt.





BIRD LOVERS AT SCHOOL MAKING BIRD HOUSES  
A NEW SANCTUARY RESERVATION

According to the conditions of the generous donor, Mr. George B. Parker of Coventry, a wooded tract of 400 acres is offered as a gift to the Audubon Society of Rhode Island, provided a sufficient fund for its maintenance as a bird sanctuary and wild life reservation is raised.

This tract abounds in a variety of tree life; in animal and bird life; in rock formations, a rushing stream, hill, valley and marshy areas. Such a wild life refuge is needed in Rhode Island, and could scarcely be better located with reference to other protected areas in the State.

The development of the Coventry tract would bring many benefits in its train, and it is greatly to be desired that this companion sanctuary to our beautiful Kimball Bird Sanctuary in Charlestown be given the welcome and support it deserves.

Rhode Island has too few rather than too many wild life refuges in proportion to its dense population. Unless sanctuaries of this kind are set aside now, the time is not far ahead when they will be forever out of reach.—A. H. W.

#### FLOWERS WE SHOULD NOT PICK

Adders Tongue  
Arbutus  
Cardinal Flower  
Columbine  
Fringed Orchids  
Hepatica  
Holly  
Mountain Laurel  
Pink Lady's Slipper  
Polygala

#### FLOWERS WE MAY PICK

Black-eyed Susan  
Chickweed  
Clover  
Dandelion  
Goldenrod  
Joe-Pye-weed  
Orange Hawkweed  
Queen Anne's Lace  
Sweet Pepper Bush  
White Daisy  
Wild Aster

## THE ROOSEVELT BIRD SANCTUARY

"Theodore Roosevelt was born with a bird in his heart and it sang to him throughout his life."

Such were the words with which Dr. Frank Chapman, close friend and himself a bird student of the highest rank, opened his tribute to the late President, at the unveiling of the Memorial Fountain in the Bird Sanctuary at Oyster Bay, Long Island. Two thousand bird lovers throughout the country gave this beautiful fountain, a work of art of great merit wrought by the talented sculptress, Mrs. Bessie Vonnoh, to be placed at the entrance to the Sanctuary, which adjoins the hillside cemetery where Roosevelt rests.

The design, a maid holding high with both hands a shallow bird bath from which water drips to the pool of the fountain below, and at whose feet sits a child feeding a wild bird, while squirrels and birds gather about without fear, is exquisite in grace, suggesting the joy and appeal of nature and the natural friendship with all living things which children feel.

Children, wild birds, animals, trees and flowers,—Theodore Roosevelt loved all these from boyhood up, when he was a ranchman, hunter, traveler, explorer, writer, and Leader of the nation. At the age of fourteen he gathered specimens for a miniature collection which he called the "Roosevelt Museum of Natural History," the life history of birds being the chief object, and at this time he decided that he wanted to make the study of birds his life work.

When he occupied the White House, he kept a list of the birds which visited the spacious grounds, numbering nearly one hundred species. "He was never too occupied with the cares of city, state, nation or the world to lose his pleasure in the companionship of birds, and it is in this life-long appreciation of birds in nature that he gives us an expression of their greatest value to man." When he was Governor of New York, he urged people to protect birds and trees. With the authority of President, he set aside many places where birds flock to nest, as sanctuaries or refuges, scattered throughout the length and breadth of the country, fifty under his signature. "Spring would not be spring without birds' songs any more than it would be spring without buds and flowers," he said, adding, "I wish that besides protecting the songsters, the birds of the grove, the orchard, the garden and meadow, we could also protect the birds of the seashore and of the wilderness."

Later, on the return trip from exploration in Africa, he visited England, and there fulfilled a long-deferred desire to go into the country to study the wild birds of that country. His host, Viscount Grey, a leading figure in the destinies of the World War, wrote of this all too brief outing in the open: "It was delightful to hear him talk of birds. His powerful personality made all his knowledge and interests a vivid reality."

About his home at Oyster Bay, neighbors and friends recall his joy in nature, and the enthusiasm which led him to form the Long Island Bird Club.

As one enters the Sanctuary of twelve beautiful acres from the well shaded street, the beautiful memorial fountain greets the eye, and in the background a broad path, on either side of which are trees planted by individuals and societies that love nature and are proud of adding even one tree or shrub to the Roosevelt Bird Sanctuary.

On a tablet set into the face of an unhewn rock by the path that leads to the fountain, are graven the words: *Memorial Bird Fountain Erected by the National Association of Audubon Societies to THEODORE ROOSEVELT, Friend of the Wild Birds, May 26, 1927.*



BIRD FOUNTAIN AT ROOSEVELT BIRD SANCTUARY  
Erected as a Memorial to Theodore Roosevelt May 26, 1927

# REJOICE IN THE SPRINGTIME

H. TUPPER

1. When the breath of the Spring-time per - vades the air, Set - ting  
2. When the earth slow - ly hides in its car - pet green, All .

CHO. Then re - joice in the Spring - time of sun and rain, At -

grass - es and leaves a - stir, . When the im - pulse of grow - ing is  
dot - ted with blos - soms rare; . When the trees fling a - bout them their  
tuned may our pul - ses be, . May the earth as it mur - murs its

ev - 'ry - where, Then the won - ders sub - lime oc - cur; . All Na - ture with  
ver - dant sheen And mel - o - dy fills the air, . May the sor - rows that  
glad re - frain Be a Beth - el for you and me. .

ten - der - est mu - sic teems, With an - thems by for - ests and brook; The  
grieve us, the cares that bend, All van - ish like Win - ter's snow, And our

birds, re - a - wak - ened from Southland dreams, Now return to their nest - ing nook.  
blos - soms of joy - ous - ness then as - cend, Keep - ing all of our hearts a - glow.

D.C. CHORUS





HAGAR AND ISHMAEL.  
*By Francisco Collantes*







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